
A table of contents for *Bibliotheca Sacra* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_bib-sacra_01.php

somewhat from, the gospels which have come down to us. Our hypothesis may then be reconciled with the witness of Papias, since his words, *οὐ μέντοι τάξει*, do not prove that he, throughout the entire passage, was not speaking of the present Gospel of Mark,[1] and since the Gospel which he attributes to Matthew must have differed from our first Gospel.

If we agree with the latter, we shall believe that the Gospel which was written *οὐ μέντοι τάξει*, was somewhat unlike the present Mark, and formed the common source for the three synoptic Gospels, and that the present Mark conformed to it, while Matthew and Luke have supplemented it by material drawn from one principal source common to them only, and from other sources both written and oral. We shall thus have an intermediate term to explain discrepancies, and shall, perhaps, have less trouble with the testimony of Papias.

ARTICLE II.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

BY REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

When a great man comes upon the stage the full sense of his greatness does not ordinarily dawn upon the world till long after his removal from it. Especially is this true when the man belongs, not to the sphere of outward action, but to the realm of pure thought. This is the secret of that obscurity which rests over the early life of many of the great literary and intellectual leaders of the race. Had the generations to which they belonged seen them as we now see them, the minutest particulars of their childhood and youth would have been gathered up and faithfully preserved. When men had become fully awake to the fact that an im-

[1] Vid. Kirchhofer's Quellensammlung, p. 32; Meyer on Matthew, p. 38 sq.

mortal bard had been singing to them in the person of Homer, clouds and darkness had so gathered about his origin that different and distant cities could, with some show of reason, contend for the honor of having given him birth. One of the critics of Shakespeare, after reciting the facts, that he was born at Stratford, married and had children there, went to London and lived as play-actor and play-writer, returned to Stratford and died, says: "This is all that is known with any degree of certainty about Shakespeare." And yet with another we may say: "Out of the cottage in which he was born has gone forth a voice which is the mightiest in modern literature."

We do not mean to imply that the like obscurity rests over the early life of Jonathan Edwards. The history of the child and of the man is known with a good degree of minuteness. It is true, nevertheless, that New England had no adequate sense of his greatness while he lived. Human life everywhere has its prosaic aspects, and by the men of his own generation, though they acknowledged his general power, he was seen mingled with passing conflicts and rude interests, and often laboring under depression and discomfiture. Though as far removed as any man from what might be called a contentious disposition, there were times in his life when he might with the utmost propriety have used the words of the ancient prophet: "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth." It was not for the people of his own day to eliminate him from these untoward surroundings, to reach his true individuality, and behold him in his simple and majestic greatness. Though he has now been sleeping in his grave more than a century, the conflicts which he unwittingly set in motion in the great world of thought, are not yet ended. Still, through all these years, a juster conception of what the man really was has been silently growing upon us. In the back-ground of our New England history he moves, a figure of the stateliest proportions. But even yet we do not see this man as he has been seen by the

philosophic minds of the Old World: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house"; and to this day he suffers to some extent under the hinderances of our vision. We are too near him for the best view. We do not entirely disentangle him from passing strifes and from surrounding objects, so that we can behold him in his solitary pre-eminence. We are all ready to admit that he was unquestionably a great man, but it never has been the habit of writers on this side the water to speak of him as he is spoken of in England, France, and Germany. A native-born New Englander would not, self-prompted, have been likely to say with a writer in the Westminster Review: "From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur than that of Jonathan Edwards." [1]

It is not our purpose in the present Article to be critical. We are not about to undertake a learned review of Edwards's writings. This has often been done, and doubtless will often be done in the future. We are more concerned with the man than with his works. Whether his theories will stand the test of modern investigation we are not careful now to inquire. It will be our aim to look at him as a whole; to gain if possible an idea of his grand totality, rather than to survey him in detail. There is something in the way this

[1] These words are found in an Article entitled, Retrospective Survey of American Literature, published in the Westminster Review in the year 1852. Vol. lvii. (or i. of the new series) p. 289. They are more remarkable as coming from an organ of the peculiar style of the Westminster. The passage more at length is as follows. The writer is a little confused about Northampton, and would probably have said Stockbridge with a better knowledge of the outward facts of the case. "Before the commencement of this century America had but one great man in philosophy, but that one was illustrious. From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur than that of Jonathan Edwards, who, living as a missionary at Northampton, then on the confines of civilization, set up his propositions, which have remained as if they were mountains of solid crystal in the centre of the world. We need not repeat the praises by Robert Hall, Mackintosh, Stewart, Chalmers, and the other great thinkers of Britain and of the continent, who have admitted the amazing subtilty and force of his understanding."

man rose upon the world that is peculiarly fitted to stir the imagination, and excite in us a sense of solitary strength and grandeur. The very sight of one coming up quietly in this western wilderness, to be acknowledged, in all lands, as one of the great masters in the domain of thought, is, in itself, a sublime spectacle. He came "not with observation." By all the general conditions of our New England life at that time, and by his own more immediate surroundings, men might have anticipated in him perhaps more than an average measure of goodness and greatness. But that one should arise out of these forest wilds of whom Sir James Mackintosh could say that "his power of subtile argument was perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed, among men," was not, on ordinary principles of reasoning, to have been expected. And yet, from the economy of God's kingdom on earth, we ought not perhaps to be surprised at such a product from these humble beginnings. Moses came from the ark of bulrushes, and David from the sheepfolds of Bethlehem.

In order to gain the full idea of the solitary character of this man's greatness, we need to look somewhat minutely into the scenes of his early life, and his outward surroundings at that time.

In the year 1696, when Cotton Mather in his Magnalia gives us a catalogue of the "Christian congregations now worshipping our Lord Jesus Christ in the several colonies of New England (one hundred and twenty-nine in number), and the names of the ministers at this time employed in the service of these congregations," we find in the Connecticut department and under the head of Hartford County Ministers, "Windsor,[1] Mr. Samuel Mather, H. C.; and Farme, Mr. Timothy Edwards, H. C."

[1] This region was a favorite one with the Indians, for they, as well as the early white settlers, knew how to select the spots where nature was most prolific and the aspects of the world inviting. Trumbull, in his History of Connecticut, speaking of the Indians says: "Within the town of Windsor alone there were ten distinct tribes or sovereignties. About the year 1670 their bowmen were reckoned at two thousand. At that time it was the general opinion that there were in that town nineteen Indians to one Englishman. There was a great

The old town of Windsor, so memorable in the early history of Connecticut, was a large territorial district, some ten miles from north to south, and twelve from east to west, lying on both sides of the Connecticut river. In this territory are now included the towns of Windsor, Windsor Locks, East Windsor, South Windsor, and Ellington, a part of Bloomfield, and if we mistake not, fragments of other surrounding towns. It joins Hartford on the south, and helped to make a part of one of the chief centres of early population in the little State, New Haven being the other. The first church in Windsor was planted on the west side of the river.[1] Up to the year 1694 such inhabitants as had located themselves on the eastern side called "the Farms," were wont to cross the river in boats or on the ice for their Sabbath worship. This was always toilsome and sometimes dangerous. In the time of spring floods and the breaking up of the winter ice, not unfrequently it was impossible. And so, as

body of them in the centre of the town. They had a large fort a little north of the plat on which the first meeting-house was erected. On the east side of the river, on the upper branches of the Podunk, they were numerous." Stiles, in his History of Windsor, regards this as quite an exaggerated statement; and it may be so. But all familiarly acquainted with the region know that there are few places in New England where one is more likely to stumble on Indian relics, to turn up an arrow-head, when tilling the soil, or to find it on some sand-bank where the wind has sifted away the finest particles and left the little pebbles and stones unmoved.

[1] This is the oldest church in Connecticut. It was organized in Plymouth, England, in the year 1630. It was composed of members gathered from the counties of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset. The organization took place at Plymouth, on the eve of embarkation. The church came over with its pastor and teacher, Rev. John Warham and Rev. John Maverick, and first located itself at Dorchester, Mass., and afterwards removed in a body to Windsor, Ct. In the Ecclesiastical History of Connecticut, it is still an unsettled question whether this church or the one at Hartford, under Thomas Hooker, was first upon the ground. It has been the common opinion that the one at Hartford was earlier planted. But if one looks closely at the evidence, the probabilities seem rather to favor the old church at Windsor. Cotton Mather says of the pastor: "I suppose the first preacher that ever preached with notes in our New England, was the Rev. Mr. Warham; who though he were sometimes faulted for it by some judicious men who had never heard him, yet when they came to hear him they could not but admire the notable energy of his ministry."

the number of families east of the river increased, they began to agitate the question of a separate congregation. As early as 1680 petitions to this end were sent in to the General Court, but without avail. As the strength of the population was on the west side, the petitioners sought that there might be two congregations supported by one tax, laid upon the whole body of the people. In this form their petitions failed. As late as 1691 they went before the Court with a very earnest petition, framed on the same general plan of a common tax, and were again unsuccessful. Their scheme was opposed by those on the west side of the river. They did not wish to lose a portion of their existing financial strength, and then be still further drawn upon for the support of two parishes. In this last-named petition we gain a clue to the population on the east side: "God having increased the number of our families to above fifty, wherein it is reckoned there are near three hundred persons capable of hearing the word of God to profit." These families for the most part kept near the river; but were scattered up and down along the shore through quite a stretch of territory.

In 1694, in the month of May, they asked again to be formed into a congregation, they bearing their own expenses; and in this form permission was granted. In the following November, Mr. Timothy Edwards, a native of Hartford, and a graduate of Harvard College, being then twenty-five years of age, commenced his ministrations to this new congregation. In the same month he was married to Esther Stoddard of Northampton. He preached as a candidate through the winter, and in March 1695 was ordained. His father, Richard Edwards, of Hartford, built him a substantial house for those times, which was standing in the early years of the present century.[1] He also bought him a good farm

[1] This house was a mile or more south from East Windsor Hill, on the east side of the road leading to Hartford. At the time the Connecticut Theological Institute was built at East Windsor Hill, some thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, one of the door-stones that belonged to this dwelling was wrought into the foundation of this structure. The house was a good one for the times when it

which of old was deemed a natural accompaniment to a New England parsonage. Here Rev. Timothy Edwards[1] lived

was built, but was, of course, old-fashioned in all its arrangements. As you went into it you must stride over the timbered door-sill. There was one large chimney in the centre with its ample fireplaces. The principal fireplace was made to burn wood about six feet long, and yet leave wide and ample spaces on either side for accommodating a large family of children. The parishioners of Mr. Edwards used to turn out, after the old style, and haul him an immense wood-pile. He kept a negro servant by the name of Tom, and it is related that in the winter when the fire became too hot, Tom used to be sent out for a large handful of green wood to dampen the fire. A small one-story house now occupies the site of this old dwelling.

[1] In the Life of President Edwards, by Rev. Sereno E. Dwight D.D., it is said of Timothy Edwards, the father: "He always preached extemporaneously, and until he was upwards of seventy, without noting down the heads of his discourse. After that time, he commonly wrote the divisions on small slips of paper; which as they occasionally appeared beyond the leaves of the Bible that he held in his hand, his parishioners called 'Mr. Edwards's thumb papers.'" This may be true in general, but cannot be wholly correct. We have seen a number of the manuscript sermons of Timothy Edwards, some of them written out fully, and some in part. A few years since, several of these sermons were in the possession of John W. Stoughton Esq., of East Windsor Hill. The earliest of these manuscripts bore the date of 1701. They have been given away as most interesting relics, until we fear the stock is about gone. We have in our possession one of these manuscripts containing the outlines of two or three sermons, one of which, by the date, was preached at East Windsor in 1728, when Mr. Edwards was fifty-nine years old. This manuscript measures four inches by three, and consists of twenty leaves or forty pages. Part of the leaves are still smaller, measuring only three inches by two. The writing is in a very neat symmetrical hand, but so compact and fine that it can hardly be read without a magnifying glass. Some of the leaves are made from the outsides of old letters, and one or two from printed paper to save the white margin. This manuscript seems indeed like a set of these "thumb papers," stitched together. Sometimes the writing is continuous, and sometimes only guiding thoughts are set down. But this was preached eleven years before he was seventy years old, while in other of these manuscripts, the sermons are written on larger paper, folded like commercial note, and written in full, though very fine.

Since writing the above we have seen one of these manuscripts bearing the following memorandum: "On a Fast-day at Suffield, Oct. 29th, '95." This was the first year of Mr. Edwards's ministry as an ordained pastor. It was the same year in which the first pastor, Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, was ordained at Suffield. The town of Suffield joins Windsor on the north, and the young pastor at Windsor Farms was giving his aid to the young pastor at Suffield. The sermon on that occasion is written continuously, and the manuscript, which contains also one other sermon at least, is tolerably well preserved, at the advanced age of one hundred and seventy-three years. It is evident from this,

sixty-three years, rearing a family of eleven children, ten daughters and one son, and dying in 1758, at the age of eighty-nine. His wife lived in the same house twelve years longer, dying in 1770 at the age of ninety-nine. In this plain, old-fashioned dwelling, Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703.

The church edifice first erected by the parish, and in which Mr. Edwards preached during the infancy and early childhood of Jonathan, was a very humble affair. In Stiles's history of Windsor the building is thus described: "This house, as far as we can learn, was merely a covered frame without floor or seats, and the people sat upon the sills and sleepers." In the year 1706 three or four enterprising and ambitious young men conceived the bold idea of making better seats for themselves, and the following parish vote is recorded, "that the young men should have liberty to make a seat upon the beams." Precisely where this seat was located, or how luxurious its arrangements were, does not appear; but everything indicates that it gave the young men who were at the trouble and expense of building it a somewhat aristocratic position. But the child Jonathan when he was first led up to the house of God was probably accommodated somewhere "upon the sills and sleepers."

This however was regarded as only a temporary structure, thrown up hastily to accommodate the exigencies of the new parish. About twelve or fourteen years after Mr. Edwards's settlement, began the agitation of building a new meeting-house. It would be difficult to find a New England town that has not had at some time a stout and well-fought contest over the location of a meeting-house. In ancient times the erection of new houses of worship was apt to turn the parishes for some years into earnest and long-continued debating societies. These enterprises in that day held about the same relation to the general culture and education of

that Mr. Edwards sometimes wrote out his sermons from the very beginning of his ministry. He may have been guided in this by the example of Mr. Warham, referred to in a previous note.

the people as a modern presidential election. But there were reasons for this such as do not operate, to any great extent, in our fixed and denser population. One of these early congregations was spread over a large district of country. The roads were bad, the means of conveyance were poor. The settlers were reaching out continually to occupy new territory, so that the centre of population in the various towns was constantly changing. It was really a matter of grave importance where the meeting-house should stand. All the people were accustomed to attend worship, and they did not allow themselves to be detained at home for any slight disturbance in the weather. We may smile over these ancient strifes, but it was no slight question to those scattered dwellers in the wilderness where the house of God was to be found.

For four or five years in Mr. Edwards's parish the conflict went on fierce and high as to where the new house should be placed. The voters decided that it should be "forty feet square" long before it was definitely settled where it should be built. One of the more cultivated parishioners, who thought he could bring his poetic faculty more effectually than any other to bear upon the great question at issue, wrote a poem which was thought worthy of publication and preservation, and from which we extract two or three stanzas:

"One other reason yet there is
The which I will unfold,
How many of us suffer much
Both by the heat and cold.

"It is almost four milds
Which some of us do go,
Upon God's holy Sabbath-day
In times of frost and snow.

"Two milds we find in holy writ
Sabbath-daie's journies bee,
O, wherefore then, are we compelled
For to go more than three?"

The project of rebuilding seems to have been begun in 1710, but by the record the house does not appear to have been finished till 1714,[1] at which time the boy Jonathan was about eleven years old. In such associations and goings on of life there could be little to feed a literary, aesthetic, or philosophical instinct. All the conditions of society were as yet of the simplest and rudest kind.

We must not, however, forget the aspects of surrounding nature; for though a child does not ordinarily stop to think what effects the outward world is producing in him, it generally exerts a decided influence. Amid our New England scenery, that which prevails along the Connecticut valley is peculiar. It is gentle, pleasing, attractive, rather than wild and romantic. In that part of the valley where Edwards passed his childhood the rocky ranges of hills on the east and west are drawn back from the river, leaving the interval of alluvial and sandstone country some twenty miles wide. Close along the river are the meadows proper, the rich bottom-lands, which are overflowed to a large extent by the spring floods. Bounding these meadows are irregular but well-defined banks on both sides, which appear to have been the shores of an earlier and larger river. As you rise this bank on the east you come upon a sandy formation, sometimes softer and sometimes harder, stretching away to a considerable distance, not unfrequently three or four miles, intermingled with marshy land, till it reaches the more solid sandstone country farther back, and on a few miles farther east you come upon the primitive hills. The early inhabitants of Windsor on the east side of the river built their houses along this second bank, so that they might be lifted

[1] The house seems at last to have been placed on or near the spot where the former house had stood. It was on the west side of the road, in the north-east corner of the burying-ground, where sleep some of the early settlers of Connecticut. The burying-yard on the west side of the river was, of course, opened before this, but only by a few years. That burial-spot, probably the oldest English yard in the State, is distinctly visible as one passes in the cars from Springfield to Hartford. It lies back of the church-building, on elevated ground, and is on the left hand as one passes down the river on the railroad.

above the floods and yet have easy access to the rich bottom-lands. At the time of Mr. Edwards's settlement the people who composed his congregation were stretched along this bank a distance of several miles. Their farms were composed of two distinct kinds of soil, both good, easily worked, and most happily adapted to a variety of productions. The whole region is rich in vegetable growths.[1] On this eastern bank a few rods back from the meadows, and half or three fourths of a mile from the river, about seven and a half miles above Hartford, in what was long known as East Windsor, but is now included in the part called South Windsor, Jonathan Edwards was born. From his father's door, and from all the region around, the eye had a grand and comprehensive sweep to the west. The sudden depression of the meadows gave the eye liberty in that direction to range at will up and down the river, and far off to the barrier of hills ten or twelve miles away. Every one who has watched the aspects of nature along this valley in winter and summer, in sunshine and in storm, will confess that, though it may seem tame compared with our mountain lands, there is much to charm and fascinate. On a clear, still afternoon of summer, when a passing shower has refreshed the earth, or in winter,

[1] We may add, that it has been rich also in men. At the time Mr. Timothy Edwards was settled over his parish, there was in his congregation a youth of sixteen, named Roger Wolcott, who afterwards held many high offices, and was made Colonial Governor of Connecticut. His son Oliver Wolcott, born and trained under Mr. Edwards's ministry, was for ten years Lieutenant Governor of the State, and at the time of his death was Governor. In this same parish was born, in the year 1743, John Fitch, whose chequered life ended in a sad death, but who was among the first, if not the first, who conceived and executed the plan of propelling boats on the water by the power of steam. But the most distinguished man, next to Jonathan Edwards, born in this old township of Windsor, was Oliver Ellsworth, one of the most prominent members of the convention of 1787, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under Washington, and still later, Envoy extraordinary to France under the elder Adams. Few men, in the early days of the Republic, exerted a wider or more safe and healthful influence. Judge Ellsworth was born on the west side of the river. His son, Oliver Ellsworth, who died a few months since at Hartford, at an advanced age, also held many high offices, was for several years Governor of the State, and was a noble Christian statesman.

when the world is covered with snow and the sun is going down behind these distant hills, a magic beauty rests over the landscape.

Nor must we forget that, though society was in a rude and unformed state around him, yet his own home was one of learning and intellectual culture. Rev. Timothy Edwards was a minister of no mean attainments for that day. He had graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1691. At that time and long afterwards the names of the students in the several classes at Harvard were arranged on the catalogue, not alphabetically as now, but according to the social dignity of their families. What was the precise system of gradation employed we do not know, but it is a little singular that Timothy Edwards, son of a substantial merchant in Hartford, should yet have been regarded the humblest of his class in family dignity. His name is the last in the list of eight members, of which his class was composed. It is safe to say that the name of Edwards[1] was not great in this country at that time, nor until Jonathan Edwards made it so. But so well did the boy Timothy acquit himself at college, that at his graduation the special honor was shown him of giving him his second degree of A.M. along with his Baccalaureate. Esther Stoddard too of Northampton, came from no mean home. In her maiden beauty she brought

[1] It is a singular and interesting fact, as illustrating God's providence, that the families of Edwards and Brainerd, afterwards so tenderly united in their fortunes and so closely associated with the church of God, should both have sprung from boys, early resident at Hartford, who alone in this country, at that time, bore their respective names, and who were brought hither seemingly in an accidental way. The Brainerds sprung from a lad who came over with the Wyllis family, in what precise relation is not known. In due time he married, and became one of the pioneers in settling the old town of Haddam — the cradle of the Brainerds. William Edwards, the first of the name on these shores, was the son of a clergyman, who went from Wales and settled in London. In the early life of William his father died, and his mother was married to Mr. James Coles, who came to Hartford with his wife and step-son about the year 1640. The parents soon died, and the son was married about 1645 to an English girl named Agnes (her family name is not known), and had, so far as appears, but one child, Richard Edwards, the father of Rev. Timothy Edwards.

to the humble East Windsor parsonage a culture and refinement rare in those days.

The eleven children of this household were born in the space of twenty-one years, succeeding each other with a healthy and old-fashioned regularity; and of these Jonathan, the only son, was the fifth. Coming of such stock, men had a right to expect, as already intimated, that he would be a man perhaps of more than ordinary character. Still, cut off as he was from what the great transatlantic world called culture, living in the shadows of a wilderness well-nigh unbroken, no one could have anticipated for him a place in the world's regard, such as now rightfully belongs to him. But, if we may say it without irreverence, it seems as if the Lord in making him had planned to give us a glimpse at least of the primeval man before the fall. Remarkable for the beauty of his face and person, lordly in the easy sweep and grasp of his intellect, wonderful in his purity of soul and in his simple devotion to truth, the world has seldom seen in finer combination all the great qualities of a godlike manhood.

As we look back now upon his childhood and youth we can see the signs of his future greatness all revealed from the early years of his life. In 1710, when he was seven years old, and when the great strife about the new meeting-house was beginning to stir around him, the noise of which must have penetrated the parsonage continually, the boy Jonathan was studying Latin and reciting to his father or his elder sisters,[1] and in the intervals of leisure was taking his pas-

[1] The position of Edwards, in early life, with reference to the influences about him, was certainly peculiar. At the time he entered college, there were nine sisters in the family. Esther, the oldest, was twenty-one, and Martha, the eleventh child and last of the household, was born during the year of his entrance into college. There had been no death in this household circle at that time, nor was there until some twelve years later. The father was much occupied with his professional duties, and the growing boy was enveloped in an atmosphere of female influence. Hollister, in his History of Connecticut, in his pages on Jonathan Edwards, referring to this state of things, beautifully says: "He enjoyed the rare advantage, never understood and felt, except by those who have been fortunate enough to experience it, of all the softening and

time out in the forests and fields, watching with keen and penetrating eye the goings-on of nature, and finding out her inmost secrets. Millions of people have lived here in the country towns of New England, and have heard the songs of our birds, have watched the movements of our insect tribes, and have seen the great panorama of nature unrolling before them year after year. But not one in a thousand of the men who have lived even their three score years and ten has ever seen the outward world in its hidden and delicate processes as this boy saw it before he was twelve years old. The paper which he prepared, at the age of twelve, at the suggestion of his father, on the habits of spiders, to be sent to a learned man over the water, reveals a closeness and delicacy of observation, and a power of subtile reasoning such as would be hard to match. Every man of ordinary observation has noticed on some sunny morning of summer or early autumn, how fields, fences, and woods, in all directions, will be covered with the soft webs of the spider, revealed by the glistening bead-work of dew which rests upon them. Or passing through a forest he will find his face brought in contact with silky lines, reaching from bush to bush or suspended from the trees, too fine to be easily discoverable by the sense of sight. This common phenomenon every one who spends his days in the country is familiar with. But how many ever go further and so closely watch these busy workers at their toil that they can tell you their secret habits and laws of life, and unfold the hidden wonders of their mysterious activity? But it was just this that a young lad in the Connecticut valley, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, self-moved, set himself to accomplish.

hallowed influences which refined female society sheds, like an atmosphere of light, around the mind and soul of boyhood. Had that fond mother and those loving sisters been fully aware of the glorious gifts that were even then beginning to glow in the eyes of their darling, had they been able to see, in its full blaze, the immortal beauty, borrowed from the regions of spiritualized thought and hallowed affections, that was one day to encircle that forehead, as with a wreath from the bowers of Paradise, they could hardly have unfolded his moral and intellectual nature with more discreet care."

Think of a boy of twelve years, writing from the wilderness of this New World a paper involving such trains of thought and expression as the following:

"There are some things that I have happily seen of the wondrous way of the working of the spider. Although everything belonging to this insect is admirable, there are some phenomena relating to them more particularly wonderful. Everybody that is used to the country knows their marching from one tree to another, sometimes at the distance of five or six rods. Nor can one go out in a dewy morning at the latter end of August and the beginning of September, but he shall see multitudes of webs made visible by the dew that hangs on them, reaching from one tree, branch, and shrub to another, which webs are commonly thought to be made in the night, because they appear only in the morning; whereas none of them are made in the night, for these spiders never come out in the night, when it is dark, as the dew is then falling. But these webs may be seen well enough in the day time by an observing eye, by their reflection in the sunbeams. Especially late in the afternoon may these webs that are between the eye and that part of the horizon that is under the sun be seen very plainly, being advantageously posited to reflect the rays. And the spiders themselves may be very often seen travelling in the air from one stage to another among the trees, in a very unaccountable manner. But I have often seen that which is much more astonishing. In very calm and serene days in the forementioned time of year, standing at some distance behind the end of an house or some other opake body, so as just to hide the disk of the sun and keep off his dazzling rays, and looking close by the side, I have seen a vast multitude of little shining webs and glistening strings, brightly reflecting the sunbeams, and some of them of great length, and of such a height that one would think they were tacked to the vault of heaven."

He then goes on, and points out their method of travelling through the air:

"But that which is most astonishing is, that very often appears at the end of these webs spiders sailing in the air with them, which I have often beheld with wonderment and pleasure, and showed to others. And since I have seen these things I have been very conversant with spiders, resolving if possible to find out the mysteries of these their astonishing works. And I have been so happy as very frequently to see their manner of working; that when a spider would go from one tree to another or would fly in the air, he first lets himself down a little way from the twig he stands on by a web; and then laying hold of it by his fore feet and bearing himself by that, puts out a web, which is drawn out of his tail, with infinite ease in the gently moving air, to what length the spider pleases; and if

the farther end happens to catch by a shrub or the branch of a tree the spider immediately feels it, and fixes the hither end of it to the web by which he let himself down, and goes over by that web which he put out of his tail. And this my eyes have innumerable times made me sure of.

"Now, sir, it is certain that these webs when they first proceed from the spider are so rare a substance that they are lighter than the air, because they will ascend in it, as they will immediately in a calm air. ..... Wherefore if it don't happen that the end of this web catches by a tree or some other body till there is so long a web drawn out that its levity shall be so great as more than counterbalance the gravity of the spider, or so that the web and the spider, taken together, shall be lighter than such a quantity of air as takes up equal space, then according to the universally acknowledged laws of nature, the web and the spider together will ascend, and not descend, in the air; as when a man is at the bottom of the water, if he has hold of a piece of timber so great that the wood's tendency upwards is greater than the man's tendency downwards, he, together with the wood, will ascend to the surface of the water. ..... If there be not web more than enough just to counterbalance the gravity of the spider, the spider together with the web will hang in equilibrio, neither ascending or descending otherwise than as the air moves. But if there is so much web that its greater levity shall more than equal the greater density of the spider, they will ascend till the air is so thin that the spider and web together are just of an equal weight with so much air. And in this way, sir, I have multitudes of times seen spiders mount away into the air from a stick in my hands, with a vast train of this silver web before them."

He then proceeds to draw some general conclusions:

"But yet, sir, I am assured that the chief end of this faculty that is given them is not their recreation, but their destruction; because their destruction is unavoidably the effect of it; and we shall find nothing that is the continual effect of nature but what is of the means by which it is brought to pass.[1] But it is impossible but that the greatest part of the spiders upon the land should every year be swept into the ocean. For these spiders never fly except the weather is fair and the atmosphere dry; but the atmosphere is never clear, neither on this nor any other continent, only when the wind blows from the midland parts, and consequently towards the sea. As here, in New England, the fair weather is only when the wind is westerly, the land being on that side and the ocean on the easterly. And I never have seen any of these spiders flying but when they have been hastening directly towards the sea. And the time of their flying being so long, even from about the middle of August, every sunshiny day, until about the end

[1] Notice how the spirit of the young philosopher crops out, in the form and substance of this sentence.

of October (though their chief time, as I observed before, is the latter end of August and beginning of September); and they never flying from the sea, but always towards it, must needs get there at last; for it is unreasonable to suppose that they have sense enough to stop themselves when they come near the sea; for then they would have hundreds of times as many spiders upon the seashore as anywhere else."

The communication from which these extracts are taken occupies between four and five compact pages in Dwight's life of President Edwards. Whether the facts and conclusions are absolutely correct or not, no one will deny their general accuracy; and certainly there are in this paper a closeness of observation and a power of generalization such as are altogether marvellous in a lad of his age. Nor was he led into this investigation by books or the suggestions of people about him. There was no one to make the suggestion. He rose up as a self-prompted and independent observer, and gave himself to this task, not as a task, but as a recreation. And so little had the science of natural history been developed at that time, it is claimed by his biographer, that the facts of the paper were new to the learned world of Europe. The boy by his communication had enlarged the boundaries of scientific knowledge.

But there are other lessons to be learned from this paper. The perfect modesty and self-forgetfulness of the writer are characteristics as worthy to be noticed as any other. He writes as if he had no idea that he was doing anything remarkable. The narrative goes on as if he supposed that it was the natural business of bright-minded boys everywhere to be penetrating the world about them, gathering its hidden secrets and deducing therefrom general laws. Here was a young philosopher of the Baconian stamp and spirit, who probably hardly knew as yet that such a man as Bacon ever lived.

In September 1716 young Edwards entered Yale College before he was thirteen years old. His birthday occurred in the following month. The college itself was only sixteen years old, and was, as yet, a peripatetic institution, a kind

of walking academy, wandering about like the tabernacle of old, before it was set up at Shiloh. We have spoken of old parish quarrels over the location of meeting-houses. But the quarrel in the little State of Connecticut over the question of the final location of the college casts into the shade all common parish strifes. In the very month when Edwards entered the institution, the trustees, not without a fierce division in their ranks had decided, by a major vote, to remove the college to New Haven. The vote to remove might as well have been worded "to gather up the scattered fragments." At that time, the senior class used to go to Milford to be instructed by Rev. Samuel Andrew, and the other three classes were kept at Saybrook under the instruction and guidance of two tutors. In those years the number of students in the four classes would range usually from twenty to thirty. As above stated the vote to locate the college at New Haven was passed in 1716. Professor Kingsley in his Sketch of the History of Yale College, says: "The removal however, was not effected without strong opposition. Forcible resistance was made at Saybrook to the removal of the library, and the governor and council thought it necessary to assemble at that place to aid the sheriff in the execution of his duty. Besides other disorders the carts provided for transporting the books were destroyed at night, the bridges between Saybrook and New Haven were broken down, and in the scramble many valuable books and papers were lost. The library was about a week on the road."

But though by vote of the trustees the college was nominally located at New Haven in the autumn of 1716, it was not really there in force until some three years afterward. During young Edwards's freshman year, of the thirty-one students connected with the institution, fourteen were at Wethersfield, thirteen at New Haven, and four at Saybrook, while Rev. Mr. Andrew, temporary president, was the acting minister of Milford. Edwards was one of the fourteen at Wethersfield. Here he remained for three years. This brought him within about ten miles of his father's house. About the

beginning of his senior year the scattered bands were at last all gathered in New Haven. The long war was at an end. The wanderings ceased, and the weary ark found a safe and permanent resting-place.

What a collegiate education achieved under such conditions would amount to, every one must judge for himself. Whatever it was, Edwards had finished it before he was seventeen years old, graduating with the highest honors of his class in 1720. Had his education been ever so peaceful and uninterrupted, we must still remember that this was the day of small things with the college. The whole four years' course of study was hardly more, in its general range, than is now required for entrance into the same institution. Higher branches were indeed taught than those embraced in the present preparatory course, but they were feebly and superficially taught in comparison with modern compass and exactness.

We have thus gone somewhat minutely over the scenes and circumstances of Edwards's childhood and youth, in order to call attention to the manifest disparity between his early surroundings and his future greatness.[1] From such a review as this we are compelled to feel that he was one whom God, and not man, made great. With so little to feed the higher literary and philosophical tastes, we are driven to the conclusion that his intellectual development proceeded by

[1] As it is not the object of this Article to follow Edwards, step by step along the pathway of his life, but rather to show the general range of his thought and influence, it is suitable that we should set down here, for easy reference, the principal facts of his subsequent history. He was settled at the age of twenty-three, in 1727, at Northampton; was married in the same year to Miss. Sarah Pierrepont of New Haven; was dismissed from Northampton in 1750; went to Stockbridge as a missionary to the Indians; was made President of the New Jersey College in February 1758, and died in the following month, of small pox. This year, 1758. was a fatal year in the Edwards family. His father, his wife, and his daughter, Mrs. Burr, died the same year. The twelve children of Jonathan Edwards, ten daughters and two sons, were all born at Northampton, the youngest Pierrepont being about two months old at the time of his dismission from that place. Six of these children were born on the Sabbath, and five of them lived to be between seventy and eighty years old.

an inward force rather than by an outward formative power. In his college life, though he yielded himself in a reverent and docile spirit to his teachers, and took on no airs of self-conceit, he was, after all, more a law unto himself than were any of his instructors. Most men, even when they have attained maturity, find Locke on the Human Understanding sufficiently dry and hard reading. They do not generally take to it as a pastime. Edwards read this book in the second year of his college life, when he was fourteen years old, and the spirit within him was stirred to its very depths. There was a strange kindling of thought, a reaching forth of the soul toward its high destiny. Though as yet but a child, in these wonderful communings, he was withdrawn from the world about him, and wrapped in a kind of dreamy ecstasy. He has described his own sensations while employed over this book, and speaks of himself as "enjoying a far higher pleasure in the perusal of its pages, than the most greedy miser feels when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly discovered treasure." He reads with his pen in his hand, and the leanings and aspirations of his soul are shown in his efforts to embody his own ideas of the meaning of such words as "space," "being," "consciousness," "sensation," "perception," "certainty," and the like. Some of the definitions then recorded would not satisfy his maturer judgment; but it may be doubted whether the whole history of philosophy in this world can show a fuller apprehension of these abstruse terms in one so young. And the charm of all this, as already intimated is, that he does not seem conscious of his own superiority. He is not wiser than his teachers. He is not aware that other lads of his own age are not doing the same thing.

It is plain that so far as outward training is concerned, the curricula of the schools, Edwards was never what would be called a thoroughly educated man. But he had that hidden interior power, that intellectual and spiritual enginery within, by which he could turn the fewest and plainest suggestions, the smallest amount of positive instruction,

to the very highest account. He was, in his own person and history, the best possible refutation of Locke's philosophy, that the mind has "no innate ideas." Without such ideas the boyish student at Yale in 1716, fed on such broken mental food as was set before him, would have been in a poor condition, truly, to have reached those lofty heights of thought toward which he was aspiring.

As we read his works we are sensible continually that the style is not polished, but strong; that it lacks the little graces and felicities, but keeps its iron tramp straight on, and does not fail to reach its end. It is a fair question whether his intellect would not have been cramped and impeded by a vigorous and long-continued system of outward culture, whether a mind of such originality and native power as his did not achieve more in the enjoyment of a large measure of freedom, than it would have done under a more confined and exacting discipline.

By all these yearnings and aspirations of his youth we can see how Edwards in his riper years, was impelled by a kind of irresistible force to grapple with the great themes which occupied his thoughts. Possessed of this strong philosophical tendency, and with a mind early brought under the dominion of religion, it was not merely a thing of duty for him to seek to comprehend and unfold the plan of God's moral government over this world; it was the very mission and end of his life on earth; it was easy and natural for him to think the highest and most far-reaching thoughts on this subject which man ever thinks. Such themes as the "Last End of God in the Creation," "The Nature of Virtue," "The History of Redemption," belonged of right to him, by the very bent and capacity of his mind. He did not approach them ambitiously or officiously, but because the star of his destiny pointed him in that direction. The wonder of Europe when these great and comprehensive thoughts went from this western wilderness across the water can hardly be described; but it still lives as a grand tradition among her philosophers and men of sacred science. It was

seen that a mind had been at work here in these forest wilds, more profoundly new, fresh, original, on these themes than any which the Old World could boast; that however far we might be behind in refinement, general culture, and all the dainty delicacies of learning, here was a man whose wide and mighty grasp upon the great and remoter things of the universe was truly wonderful.

Many strong thinkers in the department of theology have risen up on these shores since the days of Edwards, and have grappled with the same great themes which occupied his life. But they would all be ready, probably, to own that they were moved in some degree by the impelling force of his genius, or at least by that general train of influences which he set in motion. It is the glory of Edwards that he had no such earthly, impelling force behind him. Nothing that had gone before in our history, nothing that was stirring in the Old World, gave note that such a prophet was suddenly to arise among us. And yet, as we look back from our present point of view, we can see that the presence of such a man was imperatively needed to stir the slumbering sea of theological thought, and give a new direction to our religious history. And we cannot but regard him as a man prepared of God expressly for this purpose. When we look at the present state of Calvinistic theology in this country, and compare what is known as New England doctrine with that condition of theological thought prevalent in those parts of the land which have industriously kept themselves aloof and outside the range of this Edwardean movement, clinging tenaciously to the traditions of the remote past, we are more than ever impressed with the nature of this man's influence, and the greatness of the blessing which he was commissioned to bring to the churches of America.

If we seek for the central idea — the interior thought of Edwards's system, we shall find that it looks to a fuller recognition of man in the theological scheme — his inherent powers and capacities as a being made in the image of God. It cannot be denied that the older Calvinistic theology rode

in rather a rough-shod way over man, denying him the powers and prerogatives which of right belonged to him; that the tendency of the system was to drive many men to take refuge in a loose and inadequate Arminianism. The Calvinistic theology had an adamantine strength on the heavenward side, but failed to unfold the whole truth on the earthward and human side. It was concerned to keep the conditions such that God's empire over the universe should be absolute and fixed, and did not trouble itself to look after the inborn rights and endowments of man. Many superficial thinkers here in New England, outside of the Congregational churches, always speak and write as if the tendencies which we have ascribed to Calvin and his system, were the special characteristics and aims of the Edwardean theology, as if he came only to bind faster about us the chains of sovereignty, and limit still more the range of our liberty. But every careful student of theology must see that the leanings of Edwards's philosophy and theology were in the other direction. At the same time he was as much concerned as Calvin himself, to see to it that in his system God's dominion over man and all finite intelligences should not in one jot or tittle be broken. This is the key by which we approach the secrets of what is called New England theology. It is to keep God's sovereignty secure, and at the same time to carve out a larger and freer place for man, to work out harmoniously the problem of his liberties and powers. With this key in our hand we may thread the curious and winding way of New England thought, now for a hundred years, and understand all the while the peculiarities of the path we are travelling. The mission of Edwards, as it proved, was to start the sublime problem, to give us some of the chief elements of its solution, to point the direction but not to reach the finished result.

We remember an interesting scene which occurred some twenty-five years ago in the theological lecture-room at New Haven. Dr. Lyman Beecher had just come on from the West, and from his labors at Lane Seminary, and was the

guest of Dr. Taylor. His great conflicts with the principalities and powers of the Presbytsrian church were then in fresh remembrance. The two came in together to the daily lecture, Dr. Beecher occupying an extra chair in the desk by the side of Dr. Taylor. The lecture was cut short that day, not reaching to more than half its ordinary length, in order to give the distinguished visitor an opportunity to speak, and the theological students an opportunity to hear him. The lecture had been occupied with some prominent point connected with God's moral government over the world.

Dr. Beecher rose with a peculiar and half-comic play upon his face, and began in substance as follows: "There are a great many people who are very much afraid, lest God in making a race of free-agents should not be able to take care of them, — lest they should slip out of his hands. They fear lest he may not be able to keep such a hold upon them as to regulate and manage them. They seem to suppose that to create free-agents and set them loose upon the earth is just like emptying a swarm of bees out of a hive, to fly this way and that, and to be entirely uncontrollable in their movements. They are very anxious lest God should have a heavier responsibility on his hands than he can possibly attend to; and so they have kindly come in with their theories to fix things up in a manageable shape, and help him out of the difficulty."

In this little speech we have a clue to the history of theology in this country for more than a century past. When Edwards began his work the theories were beautifully adjusted, as it was thought, to give God the absolute control, to enable him to keep the reins of dominion fixedly in his hands; but the free-agency part of the subject was laboring under a heavy obscurity. The kingdom was strong and mighty, but its glory was impaired, in that the beings over whom it was extended were more like things than self-moving and responsible agents. Edwards had no idea of weakening the force or obscuring the grandeur of this divine

sovereignty. By his high reverence for God, and by the conservative habit of his mind, he was thoroughly Calvinistic on that side of the subject. He was as far as possible from any idea of a divine government, founded merely on foreknowledge or a hap-hazard contingency. He sought rather to add to the reach and true glory of this divine kingdom by keeping it fixed and sure God-ward, while yet it should be a dominion over free minds, and not one of physical force.

Now, as already intimated, we do not think that Edwards in his treatise on the Freedom of the Will attained the full result which he was reaching after. That was more than could reasonably be expected of one man, or one generation. All the conditions under which his thinking was done, the binding power of the past, the conservative force of tradition, common opinion, and habit, were such that he could not break forth at once into full liberty. It was enough for him to make the transition, to turn the currents of theologic thought into new channels and in the right direction.

After Edwards there arose in New England in the next generation, a set of vigorous thinkers (his own son, the younger Edwards, as he is called, among the number), some of them founders of schools. They took up the great problem where their master and guide had left it, and lent their aid to its solution. But their systems, ingenious and able as some of them were, can hardly be regarded now as anything more than tentative efforts, not always consistent and symmetrical, but still feeling their way onward toward the end. Whether that end is yet reached, we shall not undertake to say; but that the great movement we are now describing originated with Edwards there can be no reasonable doubt. In closing this Article we can with slight modifications adopt the language of Dwight in the opening sentences of his Life of President Edwards.

"The number of those men who have produced great and permanent changes in the character and condition of mankind, and stamped their own image on the minds of succeeding generations, is comparatively small; and even of this

small number the great body have been indebted for their superior efficiency, at least in part, to extraneous circumstances, while very few can ascribe it to the simple strength of their own intellect. Yet here and there an individual can be found who by his mere mental energy has changed the course of human thought and feeling, and led mankind onward in that new and better path which he had opened to their view.

"Such an individual was Jonathan Edwards. Born in an obscure colony in the midst of a wilderness, and educated at a seminary just commencing its existence, passing the better part of his life as the pastor of a frontier village, and the residue as an Indian missionary in a still humbler hamlet, he discovered and unfolded a system of the divine moral government so new, so clear, so full, that while at its first disclosure it needed no aid from its friends, and feared no opposition from its enemies, it has at length constrained a reluctant world to bow in homage to its truth."

ARTICLE III

THE AUTHORITY OF FAITH.

BY REV. GEORGE F. HERRICK, MISSIONARY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In nature law is supreme. This supremacy is absolute: it knows no will; it leaves room for no choice. Obedience to law in nature is necessary, and the existing harmony is perfect of its kind. The law of gravity, which holds the universe together, is central, unifying, absolute. Its authority is supreme. But the individual force (if we may so call it) inherent in each separate planet, is a force working counter to this. Let the centralizing force be sole as well as absolute, and the result is the unity of motionless and indivisible matter. Let the individual or centrifugal force be supreme and a chaos of repellant, scattered, and fleeing